

The Six Million Galleon Man

Chapter 3

As the door closed behind them, Harry and Hermione winced at seeing the state of poor Ron Weasley.

"Mate! You look bloody dreadful!" Harry said, letting himself be known. Ron opened his eyes and looked over at them. Hermione elbowed him in the ribs. "Oh uh ... not because of the injuries, just your normal face."

"Harry!" she hissed.

"Uggg! I feel dreadful," Ron told them as his arms had been fixed, but his legs were still in casts. "Hurts like hell," he told them.

"I can imagine," Hermione said, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"The worst part will be missing Hogwarts this year. It's going to be so bloody boring laying around the house all day," Ron said sadly. "At least I won't have to listen to Malfoy's shit all year. I bet he was celebrating when he heard that I fell off."

Harry smirked. He wanted to chuckle as Ron said that he had fallen off instead of jumping to get the attention of the sexy Veela like the horny teenager that he was. Being a good friend, Harry kept his mouth shut.

"I wouldn't worry about Malfoy. As you were taking flight without a broom, Malfoy was busy with his trousers down around his ankles while he jerked himself right in front of the Minister and everyone else," Harry snorted.

"Nuh uh," Ron scoffed, not believing it. When Hermione confirmed it by nodding. He guffawed before bursting out laughing.

"Anyway ... we have to go. Visiting hours are over," Harry told him. Ron sadly nodded, knowing that he wouldn't see his friends again until at least Christmas break. "Cheer up mate. I told your parents that if you recover fully by summer, then I'd buy you a brand new Nimbus Two-Thousand and One," Harry told him.

"No way!" Ron gasped.

"Yep," Harry said happily. "That will give you all summer to practice so that you can try out for the Quidditch team."

"Brilliant! Thanks, Harry!"

"You're welcome. We'll see you, mate. Get better," Harry said, slapping him on the shoulder while being mindful of his strength. Hermione hugged him before they left and joined the rest of the Weasleys. A few minutes later, they were all Flooing back to the Burrow.

"I feel so bad for him!" Hermione said, sitting on Harry's bed. Now that everything was settled, Bill and Charlie would be leaving within the hour to go back to work. Fred and George now had their room back, and with Ron in the hospital for the next week, Harry had the room to himself. It would only be for a few days since September first was right around the corner.

"Those are the breaks," Harry said, flopping on the bed next to her and picking up his school book.

"Have some tact, will you?" she snorted, looking at him glancing over the book. Harry chuckled.

"He'll be bored, but there's not much we can do about that besides writing him some letters. Hopefully, he won't be bedridden for a long time. At least he'll be able to get up and walk around the orchard," Harry said. "Oh! I can do this ..." Harry said happily.

Hermione watched as he pulled a postcard and envelope from one of Ron's Quidditch Quarterly magazines. Harry grabbed his quill and began checking off box after box. When done he stuffed the postcard into the envelope along with about a dozen gold Galleons. Sealing the envelope, he smiled at her. "Year-long subscriptions to all of the Quidditch magazines available. At least he'll have something to read now, besides his school books of course."

"That's really nice, Harry," Hermione smiled back. Harry gave the letter to Pig, who struggled to carry the gold-laden letter out the window.

Over the next few days, Harry finished reading all of his school books and committed them to memory. He received news about the deaths of the Death Eaters with Lucius Malfoy being amongst them. Harry had made peace with the fact that he was now a cold-blooded killer. Not only that, but it was likely that he would have to continue taking lives to save the lives of the innocent. Looking at his friend Hermione as she sat under an apple tree reading a book, he couldn't find it in his heart to care. He would happily kill a thousand Death Eaters to keep her and the Weasleys safe.

Mr. Weasley let it spill that the Ministry wanted the one responsible taken into custody so that they could question them. Of course, they had absolutely no idea who was responsible, which was great for Harry. Reading the Daily Prophet, he could see that the Ministry was trying to sweep the whole thing under the rug. However, with it being an international Quidditch match, there was only so much that they could do. Sadly for them, it was worldwide news at that point.

When the first of the month rolled around, the normal Weasley family tradition of running around looking for lost items while Molly yelled that they were going to be late was in full swing. Harry

had packed everything the previous night. He would like to say that he was just a responsible human being, but the truth was that Hermione forced him. He smirked from ear to ear when she too was running around looking for a pair of books that she had misplaced. Once packed, the family crammed themselves into three Muggle taxis which drove them to King's Cross Station.

Stepping out from the barrier, Harry smiled at the sight of the bustling Platform Nine and Three Quarters. He was just in time to see a sneering Draco Malfoy disappear into the train. A strained-looking Narcissa Malfoy turned and began to walk away. When she saw Harry, she quickly made a beeline for him. As she passed him on her way to the barrier, she subtly handed him a note. Opting to read it in private, he stuffed it in his pocket for later.

"Well kids ... Have fun and be careful. There's certainly going to be plenty of excitement at school this year," Arthur smiled as they piled onto the train that was already billowing smoke and blowing its whistle. Molly was kissing any kid that she could reach. She may have accidentally kissed a few kids that weren't even hers. She had been a mess since poor Ronnikins had taken his leap of faith.

"Bye!" Harry and Hermione yelled and waved as the train pulled away. They both made their way to the back of the train where they found an empty compartment. Harry stuffed his trunk in the overhead bin before lifting Hermione's in as well. She couldn't help but blush when she saw his muscles rippling. Harry sat down, and she couldn't help but sit next to him ... practically on top of him.

Harry certainly wasn't going to stop Hermione from being a bit amorous with him. Thanks to the Veela at the DoM, Harry knew a lot about sex. He knew techniques, the things that girls liked, and so on, but he didn't have actual experience. She told him that he wouldn't have any problem finding willing partners at school to practice on. Hell, she practically demanded that he practice as much as he could. While he didn't want to just pump and dump Hermione, he would be lying if he said that he wasn't interested in her. Maybe he could talk her into a friend with benefits kind of deal, he thought. When her hand touched his thigh, Harry thought that it was certainly a possibility.

Harry placed his hand on her jean-covered leg and gave it a small squeeze. "You alright there, Hermione?" Harry asked, smiling at her. She blushed a little more.

"Of course. Why wouldn't it be?" she asked, biting her lip cutely. Just then, the door to their compartment opened up, and Ginny came strolling in wearing a flowy skirt that ended just above her knees. She also had on a low-cut shirt that showed off a decent amount of her cleavage. She hadn't been wearing that when they had gotten on the train.

"You changed?" Hermione asked, raising an eyebrow.

"You know mum," she explained as she dropped down on the other side of Harry. Like Hermione, she scooped over until she was pressed against him. "If she saw me wearing this, she'd never shut up about me becoming a 'Scarlet Woman' or some such nonsense."

Hermione knew that she had put it on to impress Harry. That was when she noticed Ginny looking down at Harry's hand on her leg. Smirking to herself, she placed her hands on Harry's and moved his further up her leg until he was touching the highest point of her thigh.

Glaring slightly, Ginny took Harry's other hand and placed it on her bare knee. Moving his hand up, she didn't stop until it was just underneath the hem of her skirt. "I shaved my legs this morning, Harry. Doesn't it feel smooth?" she smiled, moving his hand in a circle over her skin.

"It certainly does. Soft as well," he smiled to himself. He inched his hand further up until it was at the same height as the one on Hermione's leg. Ginny was holding her breath with a red face as he caressed the incredibly soft skin of her inner thigh. The heat coming from between her legs was amazing.

The back and forth between them carried on until partway through the trip when the trolley lady came by their compartment. Even she stared a bit too long at him. When the girls went to the loo together, Harry remembered about the note and pulled it from his pocket. Opening it up, he saw Narcissa's elegant handwriting for the first time.

Potter,

I need to speak with you as soon as possible. I'll be at the school tonight and hope to see you. Please meet me on the fifth floor at the corner where the statue of the three-eyed wizard is. It's important. I'll be there at 9 tonight. Come alone and tell no one.

Harry noticed that she didn't sign it. Probably smart on her part. The real question was if he should meet her. The answer was of course, yes. Obviously, he would take precautions so that he wasn't led into a trap of some kind. But if it ended up being beneficial to him, he wouldn't want to miss out on that. Plus, he remembered the way she looked at him. It looked as if she wanted to attack him in a good way. He certainly wasn't going to miss that! He quickly put the note back into his pocket not a moment too soon. The girls walked into the compartment only a few seconds later.

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At dinner, Dumbledore greeted them as always. Because he was growing so much, Harry had been eating more than normal. He made sure to eat his fill when all of the delicious foods appeared out of nowhere. Once they were done, the food disappeared and Dumbledore introduced their newest Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor Moody. Instantly, Harry knew that there was something up with him. Harry was in the habit of randomly turning on his Mage Sight whenever it tickled his fancy. Seeing the grizzled, old man with the weird eye

made him curious, so he turned it on. Instead of just the eye lighting up, his whole body did! That was definitely not normal. Not even Dumbledore lit up like that. Harry would need to investigate.

Next, they were told about the tournament that would be happening that year. Ron must have been groaning in jealousy when he heard about it. Harry, however, didn't like it one bit. It seemed that whenever there was something out of the ordinary, he would somehow be forced to get involved. First, the Sorcerer's Stone, then the snake, then the Dementors and Sirius, now this? Harry didn't trust this one bit. This too needed to be investigated. He still had plenty of time before it even started, so he could contact Croaker and get some advice. When they were dismissed, he escorted the girls back to Gryffindor Tower.

By then, everyone including his roommates knew about Ron's tumble over the ledge. As he put his stuff away, he answered questions from Seamus, Dean, and Neville. After that, he waited until it was time to leave.

Harry crept down to the far corner of the fifth floor where very few students and teachers ever went. Narcissa had chosen a good spot to meet up in private. Invisible and silenced, he snuck up and saw nothing. Using his sight, he saw Narcissa's form light up. She was invisible just like him. Not seeing anyone else, Harry went back around the corner and down the hall. Making himself visible again, Harry walked a bit noisily so that she could hear him coming. When he made it back around the corner, he saw the lovely Narcissa Malfoy standing there waiting for him.

"Potter," she greeted him. "Thank you for coming."

"It's not a problem, Mrs. Malfoy. I'm curious as to why you asked me here though. I can't imagine that there is much that I can help you with."

Narcissa hooked her arm through his and led him to a classroom that he had never been in. As they walked in, the door quietly closed and locked behind them. She stepped up to him, nearly face to face. Harry was happy to see that he was a decent amount taller than her. The procedure was definitely working in his favor.

"There definitely is something that you can help me with, Harry," she told him. "As I'm sure that you've heard or read, my husband Lucius was killed during the World Cup match. While I don't consider that a major loss, it does put me in a very bad spot," she explained. Harry placed his hand on her lower back and led her over to the teacher's desk. He waved his wand and cleaned it off. She sat down on top and crossed her leg.

"What kind of bad spot?" Harry asked.

"I've tried to get Draco to move away and even change schools. I don't want him growing up like his father. If the Dark Lord were still in power, I have no doubt that he would be the first to give his allegiance."

"Voldemort is still alive," Harry told her and watched her flinch at hearing the name. At first, she looked confused.

"Still alive?"

"Yes. Somehow he managed to stay alive, only in spirit form. Someday he'll get his body back, however. When that happens ... I can't say," Harry told her. She kept her big, gray eyes on him.

"You're certain about this?" Narcissa asked, leaning forward while waiting to hear his answer.

"One hundred percent certain."

"Merlin!" she said in a strained whisper. "Then there's not much that can be done for the boy."

"It's not like he would listen to me or anything," Harry said, making her understand that he couldn't really help Malfoy.

"Definitely not," she shook her head. "He grew angry with me and cast me out of the house. He's gone mad since the death of his father. He's hell-bent on finding the one responsible and getting his revenge. He's still a minor though, so he can't take control of the family vaults just yet. Since I'm not a Malfoy by blood, I only have access to the side accounts, which I've drained earlier today."

"I'm sorry, but I don't really know what you want from me," Harry said, confused about why she invited him here.

"There are actually two things that I need from you," she told him. "My son tossed me from the house, so there's no going back unless he changes his mind, which I don't see happening any time soon. I was tossed from the Black family by Sirius at some point, so I can't access any Black family properties. There's no chance that I could get into Grimmauld Place, even if I was still a member of the family, but I know of a small cottage that few Blacks knew about. It was actually my mother that showed it to me and told me to keep it a secret."

"And you can't get into it?" Harry asked. She shook her head.

"It's blood locked. You, however, are Sirius's heir, which means that you have access to all of the Black family holdings except the vaults. I checked with Gringotts this morning. You are indeed the heir," she told him when Harry opened his mouth. That was news to him. Sirius hadn't told him anything about that. Before he could ask any further questions, she continued.

“Simply letting me in won’t solve anything. The moment you leave, I’ll be forced to leave as well. No ... What I need is for you to claim me as an official Mistress,” she told him. Harry’s eyes nearly bugged out.

“Official Mistress?” he asked, shocked. He had heard of mistresses obviously, but he had never heard about making it official. Seeing his confusion, Narcissa explained.

“The oldest and most traditional families still use this system. The Head of House and Heir Apparent of the family are allowed to claim women as official Mistresses. By making it official, the Mistress has access to the family properties. If you claim me as yours, then I’ll have a place to live. If not, I’ll have to live off the bags of gold that I took from the vaults until they run out, at which time I’ll have to take my chances on my own. Believe it or not, the Malfoys don’t have very many friends that they could count on, and even less for a single woman who was cast from the family,” she said.

“I can imagine what they would demand of you,” Harry responded. Narcissa nodded.

“Why not give it to someone who will treat me properly,” she said.

“How does it work?”

“You offer me a special choker, and I put it on during a small ceremony. I can remove myself as a Mistress any time that I want, but I won’t be allowed a second chance. Beyond that, there’s really no difference to our lives. We can keep it a secret if we desire, which I do. I don’t suddenly become a mindless slave or anything like that, so don’t worry.” Harry nodded his head in understanding.

“What was the other thing that you wanted?”

“I want you to find a way to ensure that Draco enters the Triwizard Tournament,” she said with some fire. Harry raised an eyebrow. That was not what he was expecting. “It will be closed to anyone under the age of seventeen, and there will only be one Champion per school. I’m not sure if you can pull it off, but I hope you’ll at least try.

“Why? People are saying that it’s dangerous.”

“For one thing, it will keep his mind off of his plans for revenge. I fear that whatever he does will end up getting him killed. If he’s distracted for most of the year, then perhaps things will change for him. For another, even though I love him, he did the unforgivable and tossed me from the family. I have every right to hunt him down and kill him. In fact, it is almost expected of me. Very few people have ever been removed from their house for that reason. I met him at the train station this morning to try and talk some sense into him, but he wouldn’t budge. Maybe dealing with some struggles will cool his temper and make him see reason. If not, then it doesn’t matter what happens to him. He’ll be dead to me anyway,” she shook her head sadly. “The magic in my

blood will force me to hate him eventually if I'm not returned to the Malfoys. I can already feel it changing my emotions toward him."

Forcing Draco into the tournament sounded like a brilliant prank, so he would agree to that regardless. Harry imagined that they wouldn't make it as dangerous as it was in the past, so Draco would more than likely be fine if he could pull it off. The Mistress thing, however ...

Narcissa would certainly be a good chess piece to have on his side. She knew people and probably knew a lot of secrets that he didn't. If she wanted to remain in his good graces, she would have to spill all of those secrets to him.

"Where's this choker, and how does the ceremony work?" he asked. Narcissa smiled happily. She stood up and waved her wand, Transfiguring the teacher's desk into a large, comfortable-looking bed.

"Hold out your wand and say, 'Harry Potter, the Heir of the Black Family claims you as his Mistress,' ."

As Harry did so, a flash of light made him squint for a second. Blinking rapidly, he saw a thin, black silk choker resting on the shaft of his wand. Pulling it off, he rubbed it between his fingers. It felt very soft and smooth. He nearly choked when Narcissa let her robe drop to the floor and exposed her nude body. She got onto the bed and kicked her heels off. Sitting up on her knees, she raised her chin just a bit. "Now you must put it on me," she told him.

Harry took a deep breath, and with a monstrosly hard cock, he leaned in and secured it around her neck. When it was latched, the choker tightened, and Harry felt a rush of magic. He knew that she was now his ... at least until she removed it. Narcissa fell onto her back and spread her legs wide. Harry couldn't help but stare at the area between her legs. Her smooth pussy lips were slightly damp, and when her fingers slid over her engorged clit, she moaned loudly.

Narcissa was still quite the gorgeous woman. Her porcelain skin was flawlessly smooth and looked incredibly soft. Her breasts were large but didn't have the sag of an aging woman. They still looked wonderfully perky. As he studied her nipples, he could see them crinkling and growing harder. Even her stomach still looked as if it belonged to a much younger woman. It was toned and firm, but still sexy and feminine. She bit her lip sexily as two of her fingers opened her pink lips to him. "Now you must claim me," she shuddered as the cool air washed over her burning pussy.

Harry didn't need to be told twice.